

Deal With a Dreamon

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Deal With a Dreamon

by [Fetish Ball \(arsenicarose\)](#)

Summary

“The cost is simple: you must give me my release and allow me to mark you as my own. Then I will follow all of your commands as if my life depended on it.” Dream spoke solemnly, serious for the first time since he had arrived. “In order for me to become yours, you have to become mine.”

(AKA George makes a deal with a demon for power and gets absolutely RAILED.)

Notes

This work now has art! Check it out!!

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This work now has MORE art!

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It had taken George months to get to this point, but all the research, the supplies, the sacrifice, everything, was finally going to be worth it. He was finally performing the ritual, and he would get his own, personal demon. That would show those witches who thought he wasn't skilled. Taming a demon, especially one as powerful as the one he had found, was no easy task, but George was ready to do it, or die trying.

He sat in the center of a circle that was drawn in animal blood and scorched in just the right way, surrounded by the talismans he had so painstakingly gathered and a knife. With a final deep breath, he drew the blade across his palm, wincing at the pain, and let the blood drip to the wooden floor.

This was it.

For a moment, nothing happened, and George's heart started to sink. He was *sure* he had done everything correctly. Why was he so unable to make the magic bend to his will? He could *feel* the energy coursing through him, whipping against his mind, but he just couldn't make it *behave* .

Then, suddenly, the ground split open, cracking through the wood and ripping apart the circle. George had to turn his face, throwing up an arm to cover himself from the shower of splinters that pelted him. He scrambled back, terrified. It was one thing to fail to summon a demon, it was something completely different to summon the *wrong one* .

Standing in the center of the circle, trailing curls of fire and wisps of smoke, was the most beautiful being George had ever seen. His skin was golden, as in actually the color of gold, and it reflected the dying embers of fire through the dim room. His legs were like a goat's, but became more humanoid as they approached his waist. George blushed as he realized that the demon was wearing absolutely *nothing* , and quickly pulled his eyes away from the massive flaccid length.

His torso was more human, but he had two full sets of arms, with vicious looking talons on each finger, and his muscular chest was draped with beautiful chains, almost hiding his pierced nipples. As George finally scanned up to the demon's face, he was taken back again. The demon was *handsome* , with a cut jaw and a halo of soft blond curls, which were framed by two perfect horns that swept straight back over the crown of his head. His eyes were as gold as the rest of him, but somehow brighter, glinting with some mischievous intent.

"You like what you see?" The demon asked, smirking smugly, which revealed his fangs, interlocking from the top and bottom.

George was absolutely stunned. The voice was like *honey* , an elixir sent by the gods to cure him of ailments he didn't even know he *had* . This being was a demon? He looked more like an angel.

The demon pursed his lips impatiently. "Are you capable of speech?"

"Y-y-yes," George stammered, "Sorry. Um... Yes, I am capable of speech." A tail swished out from behind the fur covered legs, and George couldn't help but follow it with his eyes. Everything about the demon was so *distracting* .

"You didn't answer my first question," the demon teased, leaning in slightly, "Do you like what you see?"

George blushed, feeling heat course through his cheeks. "I, uh, well... I mean... You are... handsome..."

The demon threw his head back and laughed, spilling beautiful music into the air around him.

"What's so funny?" George demanded, crossing his arms over his chest.

The demon lowered his head, meeting George's gaze with an almost feral grin. "That's one way of putting it. I'd say you like me quite a bit. I can taste your desire, mortal. It's delicious."

George didn't think he could have blushed anymore, but that was quickly proven wrong. He decided to not comment on any of that. "Well, are you the demon I summoned then?"

The demon rolled his eyes. "You really like avoiding questions, don't you little one?"

"I am not little! I'm average height!" George squawked, ignoring the way the golden being towered over him.

Another smile, baring the sharp, *sharp* teeth. "You're little to me." After a moment of George aggressively not replying, the demon sighed, and continued. "Yes, I am the Dreamon, but you can call me Dream."

"Dream?"

"Yeah, like the demon you Dream of." Dream winked at him, and George's stomach felt a little fluttery.

"The demon I dream of?" George challenged, "Bold of you to assume that."

"I know how much I *distract* you, human." One of Dream's clawed hands traced down his torso, framing the lean muscle, chains, and finally cupping his member. "You don't need to deny it. I won't judge you."

No matter how hard George tried, he couldn't stop his eyes from following that cursed hand, to trail his gaze down the lithe, golden form with a hunger he had never experienced. He shook his head. "What is the purpose of this game? You are supposed to *mine* , and I don't tolerate this kind of behavior."

"I'm not yours. Not yet anyway."

George cocked his head to the side. "What do you mean? I summoned you. You are bound to the circle and everything! You are *mine* ."

Dream clicked his tongue disapprovingly. "You didn't read it all the way through did you? The

next page talks about the price of my service, boy.”

“My name is George!” he snapped.

“Fine, *George* then. You don’t know the price of my service, do you *George* ?”

George could have lied, but there was no point. He must have read it at some point, but the only thing he remembered was that it was something he would probably be willing to do. There had been so much preparation, so much energy, that went into getting it right, that the finer details of *after* the summoning had slipped his mind. He scooped the book off the ground and leafed through, trying to find where a price would be listed.

Dream sighed. “I’ll take that as a no. Can I just tell you? I don’t want to wait for you to find it.”

“Fine, tell me then.” George was starting to wonder if this whole demon thing was worth it. This “Dream” was a cocky bastard and didn’t seem like someone who would be obedient.

“Fair enough. The cost is simple: you must give me my release and allow me to mark you as my own. Then I will follow all of your commands as if my life depended on it.” Dream spoke solemnly, serious for the first time since he had arrived.

George was thrown for a moment by the sudden shift, but he realized he didn’t quite understand. (Well, he understood, but it couldn’t *possibly* be true.) “I’m sorry, what? Your ‘release?’ ‘Mark’ me? What does that mean?”

“You have to let me fuck you and bite, bruise, or scratch you. This is an exchange. In order for me to become yours, you have to become mine.”

Oh. That was exactly what George thought it meant. How had he breezed over something like that in the book? Had he simply misunderstood when he read it, or had he been that desperate? Surely, he couldn’t actually fuck a demon... He felt the color drain from his face as his gaze drifted down Dream’s body, catching all the appendages that could easily damage him. “What if I say no?”

Dream shrugged. “Then I leave and you don’t get to have a demon.”

“Oh thank god!” George barked out a nervous laugh. “I thought you would kill me!”

“What?” Dream’s face scrunched up in disgust. “No, absolutely not! What do you take me for?!”

“A demon?”

“That doesn’t mean I’m going to force you to do something you don’t want or kill you. This is an *equal exchange*. It’s supposed to be good for both of us.” Dream looked a little hurt by the implication, but explained calmly.

Why did George want to comfort this demon?

“Oh... Well, thank you for explaining... And... I’m sorry for... making assumptions... Can... Can I think about it for a moment?” George asked, even as he couldn’t believe he was considering it.

“Of course.”

George stepped out of the circle, pacing back and forth in the room, trying to think of why he should say no. He already knew why he should say yes, even though it shamed him to be so deeply aroused by the golden man who shattered his floor.

“Can we use, like, safe words?” George requested after pacing for a few minutes.

“Of course! That’s expected,” Dream reassured, a soft smile growing on his face.

George nodded and kept walking, before adding, “And negotiation?”

“Always.”

It was not a good idea to fuck a demon. George was trying to convince himself of this as he continued thinking, but it seemed like a win/win. It surprised him how much he wanted it, and he found himself seriously considering giving in. Honestly, even if it wasn’t a requirement, he might have asked the demon if they could fuck before he started giving other commands, though he probably would have been the one giving in that scenario.

“And you promise that, once I do this, you’ll be mine and will do as I say?”

Dream seemed to know that he was going to get to fuck, and he was looking more and more excited with each answer he gave. “Absolutely.”

George sucked in a deep breath. “Alright... Alright, Dreamon, I will fuck you... Or, I’ll let you fuck me... and... mark me.” He couldn’t believe he was saying it, but it felt right regardless.

“Perfect!” A look of pure joy spread across Dream’s face. “I was hoping you would say yes! You’re so cute!”

“Thanks Dream...” George replied awkwardly, not really sure how to take that.

“You’re welcome.”

They spent about an hour negotiating all the things that could and couldn’t be done, and George learned a *lot* about himself. There were so many things he had never even considered doing with another person, and the demonic aspect added an entire additional layer of impossible things that he was itching to try.

Despite his earlier teasing, Dream was incredibly patient for the entire process, explaining every act in careful detail, and making sure that George understood it all before he let George agree. The longer they talked, the safer (and hornier) he felt. It almost seemed too good to be true, and thoughts of revenge and proving himself were thrown out the window, just for a little while, which gave him some measure of peace.

Finally, Dream said, “Alright, I think that’s everything. Do you have any other questions? Anything else you do or don’t want done?”

“No, I think that’s everything...”

“Alright, and what are your safe colors?”

“Gold for all things good, brown for corruption that needs to be removed, and black to stop being pulled into the void. So gold yes, brown pause, and black stop?” It was a new system, one George had never tried, but it made sense to him, and he felt better just to have it.

“Perfect. A deal has been struck.” Dream took a step towards George, and, as he did, the circle started to repair itself. The wood creaked and groaned as it was forcibly stitched back together, but George’s eyes were all for the demon approaching him. Suddenly, there was a little fear. Dream was *huge*.

A clawed hand reached out and grabbed at George's robes, forcing him to stop retreating. He couldn't prevent the horror from spreading to his face as those sharp digits nearly grazed his skin, and he winced away slightly.

"Are you alright?" Dream asked.

George considered it for a moment, and realized that he was actually *wonderful*. It was terrifying, surely, but he kind of *liked* it. It was definitely arousing him, and he could feel his cock straining against his underthings. He wanted more. He wanted to be *ravaged*. "Yes, I'm good, golden even," he breathed.

"Good." With that, Dream sank his claws deep into the robes and ripped them off in one fluid motion. Ribbons of fabric rained down between them, draping across George's now naked torso. He felt exposed, and a blush started to chase itself down his bare skin. The only thing left was his undergarment, and with how aroused he was, it wasn't covering much.

"You are so beautiful, George," Dream murmured, scanning the body of the man in front of him appreciatively.

George wasn't sure how to handle the compliment. He didn't dislike his body, but he honestly just never thought about it like that. "You're really nice for a demon."

"Just you wait," Dream promised. "I'll show you how nice I can be."

George expected a lot of things, but a kiss was not one of them. Their lips connected gingerly, as if the demon was afraid to break him, which was unexpectedly sweet. George pulled him closer, connecting their bare bodies and sinking into the kiss enough to feel the hidden fangs in his mouth. Dream's skin was warm and far softer than George would have thought, and he couldn't help but run his fingers along it. It was addictive, alluring in a way that drew him in, and he never wanted to stop touching.

Dream hummed appreciatively and started kissing lower, brushing his lips against George's neck, collarbones, chest, and stomach, building anticipation with a surprising patience. George couldn't help but moan as the tip of his tongue flicked across a nipple, or as the ministrations dipped lower and lower, promising something that seemed too good to be true.

Then, Dream was on his knees, bending slightly to kiss the dip in George's hips, just above the only cloth separating them. With surprising care, Dream hooked the underthings in his fingers, pulling them to the ground, without stopping the gentle assault with his mouth. George's erection popped free, narrowly missing the demon's face, and Dream chuckled, before opening his mouth and sliding forward.

"Brown!" George gasped.

Dream immediately pulled away, trying to hide his disappointment. "No longer interested?"

"No! No, I'm... I just... Your teeth?" George stammered, shuddering at the very idea of those fangs scraping along his member.

"I wasn't going to use my teeth!" Dream scoffed, clearly offended. "Do you think this is the first time I've sucked a cock?"

"No! I just... Sorry. I was just nervous."

Dream let out a soft breath that breezed across George's groin, before rubbing soothing circles on

his thighs with careful claws. "I understand. I can promise you that I am not going to bite your dick, mostly because I don't want to, but also because you didn't agree to it. Okay?"

"Yeah, okay." George nodded, feeling a little silly. "Proceed."

"Thank you." Dream started to lean in again, but stopped for a moment to add, "You know I've got you, right? Like, the goal is for you to enjoy this as much as me."

"I'm starting to believe that..."

"Well, I suppose I'll just have to prove it to you." Dream tipped forward a bit more, but didn't move all the way down. Instead, he opened his mouth and let out his tongue, which turned out to be far longer than George would have predicted. It was hard to measure actual length as it looped around his cock (four full times!), but it was *phenomenal*.

"*Dream !*" George groaned, falling back against the wall. "*Fuck !*"

"You like that?" Dream asked, though it came out a little slurred with his tongue still stroking George's cock.

"Yes! Yes, I like it!"

The tongue inched down George's dick, sliding around it as it went like a snake. It was a sensation he had never experienced, but it was driving him wild. His hands grabbed at the wall, the air, everything but the demon licking his cock, trying to find purchase.

"Horns," Dream commented, before wrapping his lips around the head.

That was a good idea, though George hadn't been sure if that was allowed. He wrapped his fingers around the cream-colored bone, gripping them for dear life. They were textured with rings and loops that looked carved in, and George suddenly realized that they were pierced with golden hoops with small chains that hung from them. They were also ever so slightly warm and somehow comforting, like he was holding something that would keep him safe.

George didn't have a lot of time to think about that though, as Dream started sinking lower. He was truly skilled, and George didn't feel his teeth even once as he descended slowly, taking his time to massage the entire thing with his lips, his tongue, and the suction. It felt like Dream was stealing George's life away, and he had to remind himself to breathe. The horns helped to center him, and he found himself running his fingers along the grooves to keep him grounded.

Finally, Dream pressed his nose into George's pelvis, nesting it in the soft hair at the base. For a moment, he rested there, sucking softly and swallowing occasionally, which squeezed the tip *just* right. George expected him to slide back up, but instead, Dream started sucking even harder, letting his tongue run up and down while still inside his mouth, with the random stimulation from his closing throat adding that extra delicious layer.

George wasn't going to last long.

It was almost embarrassing, though he didn't know how he could be blamed, considering the other worldly blow job he was getting. "Dream, ahh, I'm... Fuck, I'm... mmm! I'm *close*."

Dream just nodded, renewing his efforts and speeding up a bit. His grip on George's hips increased, adding a delicious bite that was pushing him closer.

"Dreaamm!" George whined, thrusting into the mouth that was wrapped around him, unable to

stop himself.

There was a gentle but insistent pressure on his waist, and George looked down, immediately catching Dream's intense gaze, and it was too much. There was so much beauty there, and watching the golden creature kneeling before him, face buried in between his legs, with those gorgeous, hopeful eyes staring up at him, sent him right over the edge with a scream. He cried out Dream's name, collapsing from the intensity of everything, and finished.

After a moment to breathe, he realized that Dream had caught him and was propping him up so he didn't crumple to the floor from the weakness in his legs. Once George was starting to come back to himself, Dream opened his mouth, releasing the softening cock and tucking his tongue back away.

"Good?" Dream asked, a little too pleased with himself, as he kissed his way back up George's body.

George couldn't deny it though, especially since he was *still* panting and had leaned into the chest in front of him as Dream stood. "Yeah... Wow... You're... amazing."

Dream grinned giddily. "Thank you!"

"But how are we going to meet your end of the deal? I'm spent! Unless that's for tomorrow?"

"Oh!" Dream ran a hand down George's body. "Did I not mention? I'm *magical*. I can eliminate your refractory period, if you would like."

"Yes, please."

A single claw rested against George's cock, and it sent an involuntary shiver through his body. He forced himself to be still, though. If Dream hadn't bitten his dick off earlier, the claw wouldn't be a problem either. A spark of pain, delicious but sharp, shot through his dick, sending a cry tumbling from between his lips, and he was immediately fully erect again, pressing into Dream's thigh.

George nuzzled his face into Dream's chest, finding it harder and harder to be embarrassed. "You're just good at everything, aren't you?"

"Yeah, basically," Dream teased. "Now, I want to get you prepped for me, if that's alright?"

It didn't even occur to George to protest. The talons flashed across his mind, but he was sure Dream wouldn't do something like *that* to him. "Yes, please."

"Lube?"

"Right! Yeah..." George held up his hand, imagining the glass bottle of lubricant, and tried to pull it towards him. Embarrassingly, nothing happened. The magic was there, but it refused to do anything.

"Don't push so hard," Dream commented, "You're trying to *force* it to do what you want. It wants to help you, but it doesn't like being treated like a naughty pup."

"How can you even tell?"

"I'm a demon," Dream replied, as if that was enough of an answer.

George rolled his eyes, but decided to try it. It couldn't hurt right? Instead of his usual, demanding

approach, he reached out softly, like a question or an offer. *Can I have the lube, please ?* It took a few tries, and a forcible reigning in of his impatience, but then the bottle was resting in his palm. It was so easy, and it barely felt like using magic. “Oh.”

“Yeah, I don’t know who taught you, but they did it wrong.” Dream grabbed the lube from George’s hand, lifting him onto a nearby table and gently pushing him back.

George was still a little stunned by the *ease* of magic. He had never been able to do anything that easily in his life, and the answer was that simple? It was completely mind boggling, and he rethought his entire education. How had no one told him that?

“George? Do you need to stop?”

That brought George back to the present and out of tormenting memories of never being good enough. A new confidence swelled inside of him. It might take some practice, but he would be a high ranking witch yet. “No, not at all. I was just thinking... Thank you...”

“Anytime. I’m yours.”

A wave of wanting crashed over George, and he met Dream’s gaze with a lusty look. “I like the sound of that, Dream, but I want you *inside* me.”

“Yes, Master!” Dream said, with a touch of sarcasm, before pooling lube on his fingers.

George’s ass clenched in fear for a moment, but then the claws retracted, transforming into a completely normal, albeit golden, hand. “Thank fuck,” George breathed.

“You’ve got to start trusting me, Georgie.”

“We just met!”

A finger circled at his entrance, pressing against the hole lightly before sliding in. “I know. But you’ll get there.” Dream pushed the finger in deeper, letting George adjust.

All of George’s focus went to relaxing, but he already felt so *full*, even with just one finger. He hadn’t thought about it, but Dream’s hands were *huge*, and the one finger was bigger than George’s were.

“More, please?” George begged.

One of Dream’s eyebrows popped up. “Are you sure you’re ready?”

“Yes.” George knew it would be tight, but he couldn’t find it in himself to care. “Please?”

Dream nodded, pushing a second finger in. For a moment, it hurt, but it was worth it when the stretch became the soft, pulsing reminder of what they were doing together, and what was coming next. A hand gripped George’s hip for balance as Dream ran the fingers along his hole, widening it bit by bit, until he could fit a third finger.

George fell forward at that, caught by Dream’s chest. He panted softly against the skin, letting out little squeals occasionally as the digits moved inside of him.

Three hands started running up and down George’s naked body soothingly, gently brushing strokes to help him through the pleasure shuddering through him. Everyone of those hands had claws on them, and George could feel them lightly scraping across his skin, but they never broke through.

There was no pain, only a kind of comfort he had never been able to know, and he let out a sputtered breath across the golden chains.

His face came to rest right next one of Dream's nipples, and he couldn't resist. George snaked out his normal-length tongue and ran it across the ring, before popping into his mouth. Sucking on it somehow helped him relax even more, and he rolled the gold bar around, occasionally catching it with his teeth. It quickly became absent-minded, and he sank into it without a second thought.

Dream just chuckled, like it was endearing. "Enjoying yourself, Georgie?"

George just hummed lazily.

"You know, most mortals aren't as interested in it as you are. Yeah, they'll fuck, but they don't participate like this," Dream commented.

Everything came back to George at once, shattering his blissed out state in a second, and he pulled away. "Sorry..."

"Please don't apologize. I quite enjoy it." With a grin, he pushed George back again, lightly holding him against the table with three arms, before kissing along his torso again, this time with huge, open-mouthed smooches, and, sometimes, a long snaking tongue that could stimulate so much at once.

That made George's eyelids flutter, and his head tipped back into the table he was sprawled on. "*Dream ...*" He whimpered, loving every second of it.

"Yeah, just like that. You're so much *fun* to play with. So *responsive* ." From anyone else, it would have sounded like mockery, but Dream was so earnest and excited.

George was too lost in the new sensations to feel too weird about it anyway. By that point, he was so desperate to get railed that he would have done almost anything. "Please, *please* , put it in me? You're right, I want it so *badly* !"

"Oh yeah, Georgie? You want it? Sounds more like you *need* it." The fingers started to move in a wave, lightly pressing against George's prostate instead of just stretching him.

"Yes, yes, I *need* it! Please, I *need* you inside me, Dream, *please* !" George babbled.

"Alright, George, since you want it so badly, get it fully erect for yourself." A glass bottle was pushed into his hand. "I want you to see the cock you're going to be taking."

George looked at the lube for a moment, confused, before he realized what was being asked. His eyes were level with Dream's stomach, so he let them drop down to the part of the demon he had been trying not to stare at.

Except for the tip, which poked out of the foreskin with a burst of bronze, it was as gold as the rest of Dream, and it was already bigger than it had been earlier, with thick veins surging beneath the skin. George's eyes popped open wider, shocked by the size. Was this going to fit?

A clawed hand ran up and down his side reassuringly, and George felt better. Even if it couldn't fit, they would figure something out. Dream had been patient and understanding, and George was just starting to trust him.

He poured the lube liberally, thinking ahead to when it would go in his ass, and took the cock his hand. He couldn't quite get his fingers all the way around it, which sent another shock through his

system, but it also kind of excited him. There was no rush, and his fingers trailed down the length of it, savoring the feeling against his palm. He could practically feel the veins pulsing, throbbing beneath his efforts as it began to grow even more.

George fell into Dream's chest, trying to give back with kisses along his smooth torso, using his free hand to caress the golden body in front of him as he continued stroking between them.

Dream let out appreciative groans, using one of his hands to hold on to George for support as pleasure chased through him. "You're doing so well, Georgie."

"Yeah?" George whispered into the skin beneath his lips.

"Absolutely," Dream breathed.

That only encouraged George even more, and he started lightly scraping his teeth along Dream's chest, before sinking them into Dream's throat.

A gasp vibrated out of the demon, brushing across George's hair. George was worried it would be too much, but then his head was pressed back into the crook of Dream's neck, and he was cradled there. It was exactly where George wanted to be, mouth around some part of *his* demon's body, hand on *his* demon's cock, and encased in the safe embrace. Perfect. All he could do was hum his approval right into Dream's shoulder.

Then, Dream pulled him off with a wild look in his eyes. "George, I think I'm ready enough. I want to be inside you."

The feeling of rejection from being yanked away faded quickly, and George nodded eagerly, spreading himself as much as he could for Dream's hips to fit between his legs. "Take me, Dream."

Dream descended on him immediately, peppering kisses against George's chest and getting him to lean back for a better position. Without even being asked, George wrapped his legs around Dream's waist, trying desperately to pull him closer.

"Patience, George," Dream chided gently. "I'm getting there, but I don't want to break you."

George really didn't like being treated like he was *that* fragile, but he had to admit the dick moving towards him was huge. With a sigh, he stopped drawing Dream in and let him set the pace instead. He had to remind himself that Dream would eventually fuck him, and he just had to wait, no matter how much he *hated* waiting.

"There you go. You're so good, George," Dream cooed, lining himself up. "Are you ready for me?"

"Yes, absolutely. Please, Dream? Please?" George had never been one to beg, but he needed it more than anything. His dick twitched at just the thought of it, and he wanted to be good for his demon pet.

"Anything for you, Georgie."

The tip pressed against George's ass, already too big for him, but George didn't care. He could sense Dream's hesitation at the tightness, so George encouraged him. "Please, Dream? I want it, and I can handle it. Please?"

"How can I say no to you?" Dream pushed himself inside, managing to get the head in before he

was stopped.

“You’re not meant to,” George grunted, trying to remain playful as he adjusted to the stretch of it. The only thing that helped were calming breaths, and Dream’s hands all over his body, petting him and soothing him.

“Are you alright?”

After another gasp of air, George managed to say, “Yes.” He was alright, even with how much it was. His eyes were rolling in the back of his head, and his cock was leaking like *crazy*, and he didn’t want to think about what it would be like later, but in that exact moment, everything was as it should have been.

Dream was kind enough to let him adjust to the size, waiting until George’s breathing became more regular and the walls stopped spasming against him, before he tried moving again. In fact, it was George, weakly tugging at his leg, that caused him to sink in a little further.

It was a bit easier than the very first inch, since his body was adjusting, but it was still a tight fit. George’s ass kept clamping down on Dream’s cock, which was driving him wild, and Dream was pushing into all the right places without even trying. George had never considered himself to be a size queen, but he wasn’t sure if he would ever be able to go back after this.

“Breathe, Georgie,” A patient voice reminded him, as a claw scratched along his skin, still not breaking it.

George shuddered and sucked in some air suddenly. “Sorry, it’s just so *good* !”

Dream couldn’t help but laugh. “I’m glad to hear it, but please, don’t die.”

George nodded eagerly, letting his eyes drift down to the cock that was trying to enter him. They weren’t even halfway done. It was long, but it was also so *thick*. Even as he wondered if he would be able to take it, tapping out didn’t cross his mind. It would fit, somehow.

“Keep going!” George demanded, “Please?”

“Yes, Sir!” Dream teased, pushing himself down even farther.

Those last inches drove George absolutely wild and he wriggled under a set of claws that moved to hold him in place. “Don’t stop! We’re almost there!”

It seemed like it was never ending, but George powered through. He focused completely on breathing, on being relaxed, on letting it in, reminding himself how much he wanted, no *needed*, it. It didn’t quite hurt, but it was more than he had ever taken by quite a lot.

“You’re doing so well, baby. You’re so good for me,” Dream murmured, petting the fucked out George with every set of talons. “You are such a good boy.”

George moaned, realizing he loved being told how good he was, and finally unclenched a muscle he hadn’t known he had. With that, Dream slid the rest of the way in, and their hips were finally connected.

“Hahh *fuuuuuckk* !” George felt stuffed full, to the very brim. If there had been even another centimeter to go, he wasn’t sure he could have fit it.

“Yeah? Is my pretty boy enjoying being filled up?” Dream moved back, only about an inch, before

crashing back down.

“Ahhhhnnn yessss!” George’s cock was leaking like crazy all over his stomach, and he suddenly realized that he was already close, just from this. His dick was just begging to be stroked, but with the way he was being held down, he couldn’t quite reach it. A whine escaped him, despite his best efforts, and he squirmed, trying to *touch* .

“Awww, does the needy boy want to cum again?”

“Mhmmm...” George whimpered.

One of the hands that had been all over his body brushed down his stomach until it could curl around George’s straining cock. The touch was electrifying, and he jolted like he had been shocked. He was already *so* close, and he thrust into the hand eagerly, desperately wanting to get to the other side.

The hand began moving, and George was gone immediately, spilling over in just a few seconds and painting his chest with cum as he let out a loud and desperate cry. Dream kept going for a little longer, rolling his hips as he did, seeming to relish George’s whimpers as he slipped into overstimulation with a pathetic wail, before he finally stopped.

Dream dipped his head low, dropping his tongue to lick up the jizz that had sprayed all over. “Do you want me to reset your refractory period again?”

The soft, soothing movements of Dream’s tongue helped bring George back down from his earth-shattering orgasm quite nicely, as did the continued brushing of hands and claws against his body. “Please...”

Another spark shot through his body, causing him to buck up against Dream’s careful attempts to hold him down, and suddenly, he was fine. No overstimulation, just a hard cock and a heady desire.

Dream had settled on kissing George’s chest again, after cleaning all the cum off, so he asked, “How are you feeling?” right into his skin.

“I’m ready to keep going. I’m ready to get *fucked* .”

“You sure have a lot of stamina for a little guy,” Dream teased, “I mean, I’m only doing so much! A lot of this is you!”

George glared at him, crossing his arms with pursed lips. “I can always rescind, if that’s better for you?”

“Please don’t!” Dream pleaded, throwing a set of arms in the air as if surrendering. “I honestly like it a lot. I love playing with you.”

“And I have to admit I like being played with... I’m just not used to comments like that being compliments...” George admitted.

Suddenly, they were kissing, soft, demonic lips pressed against his own in a surge of passion. George could taste his own cum, but it didn’t bother him for a second, and he sank into the kiss gratefully, almost forgetting the huge cock that was inside of him.

Dream pulled away, a little breathless. “It’s a compliment from me, George. I can’t wait to be fully yours.”

“Fuck me, then, please... I can't wait to wear your marks, and I want to feel you cum inside me.”

There was no hesitation this time. Dream started to pull out and slide back down, gentle at first. He quickly realized that George could handle more, so he started to slam his hips down, encouraged by George's death grip on his arms. Their pace was relentless, and it was almost choking in the best way.

Suddenly, Dream picked George up off the table, and he was left dangling. One set of hands grabbed George's hips, to help with the thrusting and holding him up, one of the extra hands settled under his shoulder, the other under his head, keeping him more upright as Dream continued to fuck him into the air. Finally, Dream's tail, long and prehensile, wrapped tightly around George's waist, supporting his midsection. George's arms hung limply for a moment, but he made the conscious effort to grab Dream's wrists, while also loosely wrapping his legs around Dream's hips giving him some more ways to hold himself up while he was suspended.

Once everything was adjusted, Dream fucked him relentlessly. George's back arched, only kept off the floor through Dream's patient efforts. His legs kept losing grip as his muscles gave out from the rolling waves of pleasure that chased themselves up and down his body, and he had to keep reminding himself to *breathe*, panting every time the tip touched impossible places deep inside of him.

Every pass scraped against George's prostate, and he was spasming against Dream's cock from it each time, practically able to feel every detail of it as he did. There was no more talking, not even screaming of Dream's name, just a series of strangled half sounds, cut off moans, and breathy whimpers. Dream checked in, again and again, as he worried that George was overdoing it, but George didn't want it to stop. He was in paradise.

Dream's voice swam into his brain, and he heard, “Are you ready to be marked, Georgie?”

George couldn't speak, but he nodded frantically, letting his head fall back into the hand that supported it to bare his neck. He was getting *so* close, *again*, and he wanted to finish while Dream claimed him.

“I know you said yes, but I really want to check again, okay? Hold up two fingers if you want to be marked, one finger if you don't.”

It took George a moment to even find where his arm had ended up, but he eventually did, bringing it in front of their eyes and weakly holding up his pointer and middle finger.

“Perfect.”

George quickly wrapped his hand around Dream's wrist again, bracing for the impact. It felt like a long time, though it must have only been a couple seconds, but there it was. Dream's fangs sank into George's throat with ease, and it was fulfillment, it was part one of the pact completed, and George could *feel* the connection they were forging together. He could also feel his blood dripping from around Dream's lips, painting his bare body with a brilliant red that he couldn't see. It should have bothered him, but it didn't. It felt *right*. It felt like belonging.

Suddenly, it overwhelmed him, and he was coming again, without even being touched, spilling across his and Dream's stomachs. The sounds that came out of him as he did were barely human, sounding more like a feral animal, but Dream didn't mind. He just kept thrusting.

Eventually, he pulled away from George's throat, so he could fuck with a better angle. The blood poured down George's shoulder, hot and thick, and he liked it. His brain tried to scream, to tell him

that he shouldn't be enjoying himself, but Dream was still inside him, and he was starting to tip into overstimulation again.

George knew that Dream, the ever considerate, would ask if they needed to stop, but he didn't want to. He was enjoying it all far too much to be forced to wait, so he grit his teeth and forced himself to speak. "More..."

A smile ghosted across Dream's face, looking a little more menacing for the blood dripping down his chin. "Thank you for telling me. You're such a good boy."

The thrusting became faster and George *writhed* in the air, feeling the pleasure build and build again in a painfully delicious way. His fingernails dug into the skin of Dream's arms, trying to hold out for just a little longer, even as it was quickly becoming too much.

Finally, Dream's rhythmic movement started to become jerky, and he twitched against George's body. "I'm getting so close, Georgie. Are you ready?"

"Mhm!" George hummed, still having issues with speech.

With a shuddering gasp, Dream came. His grip on George's hips and waist became almost painful, and George's eyelids fluttered as he felt the volume of it all fill him even more, hitting him so *deep* that he couldn't quite process it. Dream didn't stop his relentless pace for several more strokes, milking himself to the last drop, until he was completely empty, before carefully pulling himself all the way out.

As Dream's head pressed into George's sweet spot one last time, it sent him over the edge again, and he came one final time, adding to the mess on his stomach from before. His eyes slipped closed, but he felt that soft, long tongue lapping up all the semen and some of the blood as he relaxed against Dream's supportive arms and tail.

"Georgie, baby, you can't sleep quite yet," a voice whispered in his ear. "We have to clean you up and heal the bite wound so you don't bleed out."

George whined, trying to ignore the unfair truth to what the voice was saying. "Tired."

"I know, I know, but you have to."

With all the energy he had left in his body, George pried his eyes open, finding Dream's pretty horns hovering close to his face as Dream continued his gentle kissing ritual. "Fiiiiine."

"You're such a good boy, Georgie." Dream adjusted his body, carrying him bridal style, towards the bath basin. "Now there are some things I can do to help, but you have to do some of it with me, okay?"

George blushed at the praise, not believing how happy it had made him while they were fucking, and how it continued to send a pleased shiver through him after. "Yeah, I can try."

Together, they scrubbed each other clean, taking a moment to seal George's bite so it wouldn't bleed overnight. Dream was surprisingly gentle as he washed George's body, and he really did seem to have an obsession with brushing his lips across his partner's skin, not that George was complaining.

Finally, after getting all clean and healed, George let Dream carry him to the bed. Without a second thought, he dragged Dream into the bed with him, wrapping the demon's arms around him expectantly.

“Would you like me to sleep next to you?” Dream asked, as if he wasn’t already spooning George under the blankets.

George just hummed an affirmative, before passing out in his demon’s arms.

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The next morning, or afternoon, when George woke up, the first thing he noticed was the delicious soreness. There were pulsing points of pain all over his body, and he felt well and truly fucked. It was the best sex he had had in his entire life, and the demon responsible was still wrapped around him. George snuggled back into Dream, just so happy with how well it had all turned out for him.

Dream pressed soft kisses across his shoulder blades, before laying a possessive one right against the bite.

George’s breath hissed out, but he didn’t want it to stop, so he threw an arm back, pressing Dream’s head into it.

Dream just chuckled, huffing air against George’s skin. “Good morning, Georgie.”

“Afternoon, actually, but it is definitely good,” George replied with a grin, rolling over to face him.

“Yeah?” A hopeful expression crossed the demon’s face.

“Definitely! And you’re mine now, right?” George watched Dream’s face fall as he said it, so he quickly added, “Because I don’t want to lose you!”

A smile spread, revealing those delectable fangs, and Dream answered, “Yes, I am yours now. You can keep me for as long as you wish.”

“Perfect.” George threw his arms around Dream, curling into his chest. “Cause I am not letting you go.”

They lay there for a while, content to be wrapped in each other, until George’s stomach made itself known. He tried to ignore it, but Dream, the evil bastard, made him get up and find something to eat, no matter how much he protested and *demand*ed that *his* demon follow his orders.

“It’s also my job to take care of you, so eat something. We can snuggle later,” Dream said firmly.

With a dramatic sigh, George pulled himself out of bed, trudging towards his little kitchen. On the way, he passed his looking glass, and something blue caught his attention. He stopped, gazing at himself curiously, and scanned his entire body with wide eyes.

There was, of course, the bite mark sunken into his neck. It wasn’t fully healed, but George could already tell it was going to be a scarred mess from how it was healing so far. There were also two giant, matching handprints on his hips, looking almost like a blue butterfly had been tattooed around his waist, and a loop of blue around his stomach from Dream’s tail. Something told him that none of these marks would ever go away, but he couldn’t find it in himself to care. They looked gorgeous.

Dream walked up behind him, pressing a soft kiss into his brown hair. “You look beautiful.”



“I love them, Dream. I’ll wear them with pride. We belong to each other now.”

“Yes, we do.”

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With his Dreamon by his side, George quickly became the most powerful witch in his coven. The people who had once mocked him for his lack of power were quickly silenced, and he was even kind enough not to kill them.

Everywhere George went, his demon followed. In public, he was just a wall of tall, menacing muscle, silently trailing the much smaller George obediently, occasionally tossing out a glare to those who dared get too close. No one knew that Dream was actually a softy who made soup when George was sick, cuddled with George every chance he got, and really preferred not hurting people when possible, and there was no way George was going to correct them. It was all about appearances, and the appearance of power was getting him ahead easily.

George had no shame when he showed off the permanent mark on his neck, because he knew that it proved to everyone how powerful and unbreakable their bond was. It was a perfect imprint of Dream’s teeth, a raised, white scar that would never heal away. It remained through everything, and it would never fade, for as long as they belonged to each other.

Through it all, Dream was absolutely wonderful, and though there was no requirement of giving release and being marked more than once, they found themselves fucking again and again and again.

End Notes

Hey! I have a Twitter now! Or, rather I had one, but I just never used it until recently.

You can check me out at [@Anoa Rayne](#)! Messages/comments/replies welcome! 😊

Warning! It's NSFW!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!